

Karo

The Great Spread for Bread

Use it instead of other sweets; you'll enjoy the flavor and be benefited by its purity.

Karo is a sweet with a food value.

In straight line, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A book of cooking and candy-making recipes sent free on request.

Corn Products Refining Company
New York

Hard Times Have No Effect on the Assortment of

VALENTINES

NOW ON SALE AT

POST OFFICE NEWS STORE **11 ARCADE**

THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY

28c--Butter--28c

TELEPHONE 589. 130 STATE ST.

GEO. A. ROBERTSON.

JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE.

4 Doors Above Broad St.

High class furniture, draperies and novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, shades and curtains in great variety.

All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England. Tel. 782-3.

GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER?

What will you need in the line of baggage? Trunks, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc.? Remember that the best stock of all these useful articles will be found right in this store. The best of everything goes into the stock we carry—and all our goods are fitted with the very latest conveniences for travel. Prices exceptionally moderate—goods equal in every way to those sold by the exclusive New York dealers.

The Wooster - Atkinson Co.

BROAD & JOHN STS., Near P. O.

WHICH IS THE CHEAPER? A DOCTOR'S BILL OR A COAL BILL?

And which would you prefer to pay? It doesn't pay to have a poorly heated house—brought about by poor coal when it costs no more to have your home warm, cozy and healthful. You secure the best heat value for every penny invested when you buy your coal of

The NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.

421 HOUSATONIC AVE. Down Town Office.
Telephone 154 FAIRFIELD AVE.

THIS MEANS YOU! A POINTER How To Improve Business

ONE OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE, MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORTMENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY. "A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE STATIONERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

Book and Job Printers . . .

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Jane Cable

... By ...
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON,
Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY BODD, MEAD & COMPANY

(To be Continued.)

Harbert, very red in the face, slammed the door after him and strode angrily through the outer office into the corridor. Droom immediately entered the consultation room.

"Well? What is it?" demanded Bansemmer.

"What did he want?"

"He invited me to go to Europe for an indefinite stay. I refused. We'll fight it out, Droom. We have covered our trail better than he thinks. They can't convict me. I'm sure of that. They have nothing but conjectures, and they won't go in court."

"I'm afraid of him, just the same. You're bull headed about it. Every criminal thinks his tracks are covered until it is too late to cover them properly."

"Curse you, Droom; I'm no criminal."

"A slip of the tongue on my part. Do you know who is down there in Rigby's office with those fellows?"

"An officer, I dare say."

"No, David Cable."

"Cable? Then his wife has told him everything. Well, I've something to tell too. By the Lord Harry, Elias, there will be several sensations in high life."

"You don't mean that you'll tell all there is to tell about the girl?"

"No, that's just it! That is one thing I won't tell. If you tell those blood she has in her veins, I'll kill you like a dog. But I'll see that Miss Cable is dropped by Chicago society inside of a week. I'm mad, Droom—do you understand?"

"But Graydon loves her."

"He won't love her long. I was a fool to let him go this far—a blind, loving fool. But I'll end it now. He shan't marry her. He has no!"

"I haven't much of a heart to boast of, Bansemmer, but I beg of you not to do this thing. I love Graydon. He doesn't deserve any pain or disgrace. Take my advice and leave the city. Let me call Harbert back."

"No! They can't drive me out! Telephone over and ask Graydon to stop here on his way up this afternoon."

The opening and closing of the outer door attracted their attention. Droom peeped forth. In spite of himself, Bansemmer started and his eyes widened with sudden alarm. A glance of apprehension passed between the two men.

"It's that Deever boy from Judge Smith's," reported Droom.

"Tell him to get out," said Bansemmer, with a breath of relief.

"I thought it might have been"— began Droom with a grin.

"Nonsense!"

"It is a bit too soon. They haven't had time."

As Droom left the room Bansemmer crossed to the window and looked down into the seething street far below. He saw that his hand trembled and he tried to laugh at his weakness. For a long time he stood there, his unseeing eyes focused on the hurrying masses, his ears alert for unusual sounds from the outer office.

"If it were not for Graydon," he was muttering between set teeth. "God, how I hate to have him know!"

Droom had told Eddie Deever to "get out," but Eddie was there to talk and he talked to, so he failed to take the hint.

"Say, I haven't seen you since you played the hero up in the fashionable part of town. Gee, that was a startler. I'll bet old man Cable rewards you in some way. What's your theory about the holdup?"

Droom looked up sharply. For the first time there shot into his mind the thought that the breezy boy might be a spy.

"I haven't any," he replied shortly. He was trying to remember if he had ever said anything incriminating to the boy.

"How'd you happen to be over there just at that time?"

"I haven't time to talk about it. Please don't bother me. It happened three days ago, and I've really forgotten about it. Don't throw that cigarette into the wastebasket. Haven't you any sense?"

"Gee! You don't suppose I'm going to throw it away, do you? There's half an inch of it left. Not me! Say, I've heard your boss has quite a case on Mrs. Cable. How about it?" He almost whispered this.

"You shouldn't talk like that."

"Oh, you mean that gag about people living in glass houses? Gee! Don't worry about that. Chicago is a city of glass houses. A blind man could throw rocks all day and smash a hole in somebody's house every crack. I believe the holdup man was one of those strikers who have been out of jobs all winter. Smith thinks so."

"Who?"

"Judge Smith."

"That's better."

"Did you see his face?"

"What are you, bub—a detective?"

"Rosie Keating says I'd make a better policeman than lawyer. She's sore at me for taking Miss Throckmorton to Mam' Galli's the other night. Fellow stood on the piano and sang the darndest song I've ever heard. But, gee! I don't think Miss Throck was on. She didn't seem to notice. I mean, say, on the dead, do you think you could identify that fellow?"

"Look here, boy; if any one ever asks you whether I'd know that man's face if I saw it again you just say that I'd know it in a thousand. I saw it plainly."

Eddie gulped suddenly and looked more interested than ever.

"Do you think they'll get him?"

"They will if he talks too much."

"I hope so—say, how's that new patent coming on?"

"I'm not making a patent. I'm making a model. It's nearly completed."

The outer door opened suddenly, and an old gentleman entered.

"Is Mr. Bansemmer here?" he asked,

removing his silk hat nervously.

"Yes, Mr. Watts. I'll tell him you are here."

Watts, the banker, confronted Bansemmer a moment later, an anxious, hunted look in his eyes. John Watts was known as one of the meanest men in the city. No one had bested him in a transaction of any kind. As hard as nails and as treacherous as a dog, he was feared alike by man and woman.

Watts, perhaps for the first time in his self satisfied life, was ready to bow knee to a fellow man. A certain young woman had fallen into the skillful hands of Counselor James Bansemmer, and Mr. Watts was jerked up with a firmness that staggered him.

"Mr. Bansemmer, I have come in to see if this thing can't be settled between us. I don't want to go into court. My wife and daughters won't understand that it's a case of blackmail on the part of this woman. Let's come to terms."

Bansemmer smiled coolly. It was impossible to resist the temptation to toy with him for awhile, to humble and humiliate this man who had destroyed hundreds in his juggernaut ride to riches. Skillfully he drew the old man out. He saw the beads of perspiration on his brow and heard the whine come from his voice. Then in the end he sharply changed his tactics.

"See here, Watts, you've got a wrong impression of this affair. I don't like your inferences. I am not asking you for a cent. I wouldn't take it. You have just offered me \$25,000 to drop the affair. That's an insult to my integrity. I've investigated this girl's claim pretty thoroughly, and I believe she is trying to fleece you. I have given up the case. None of that sort of thing for me. She'll go to some unscrupulous lawyer, no doubt, but I am out of it. I don't handle that kind of business. You have insulted me. Get out of my office, sir, and never enter it again."

"Give me that in writing," began the wily banker, but Bansemmer had called to Droom. Eddie Deever was standing near the door, almost doggedly curious.

"Show Mr. Watts the door, and if he ever comes here again call the police. He has tried to bribe me."

Watts departed in a dazed sort of way, and Droom closed the door.

"Are you still here?" he demanded of Eddie Deever in such a manner that the young man lost no time in leaving.

"There goes \$25,000," said Bansemmer, with a cold grin.

"I guess you can afford to lose it," muttered Droom. "It was slick, I suppose, but it's probably too late to help."

"Have you telephoned to Graydon?"

"Not yet."

"Don't."

"Change of heart?"

"Change of mind."

"That's so. You haven't any heart."

CHAPTER XIX.

BANSEMMEER was not losing his courage; it was only the dread of having Graydon find out. He stuck close to his office, seeing but few people. However, he did saunter into Rigby's office for a friendly chat, but learned nothing from the manner of that astute young man.

With a boldness that astonished himself—and he was at no time timid—he asked if Harbert intended to remain in Chicago for any length of time. After he had gone away Rigby rubbed his forehead in a bewildered sort of way and marveled at the nerve of the man.

The day passed slowly, but late in the afternoon the suspense became so keen that he found it difficult to keep himself from making inquiries of the proper officials as to whether affidavits had been filed by Harbert or any other person. His hand did not shake now, but there was a steady pain at the back of his head.

"Droom, I think I'll go home. If I don't appear in the morning you'll know I'm at some police station. Good day!"

"Goodbye!" said Elias, with correcting emphasis. Bansemmer laughed heartily.

"I believe you'd like to see me juggled."

"Not unless you could be convicted. I'll have to remain in your employ until then, I suppose."

"I've often wondered why you don't quit of your own accord—it seems so distasteful to you."

"I'm working for you from force of habit."

"You'll turn state's evidence if I'm arrested, no doubt?"

"If my word counted for anything," and he raised his hand, "I'd say, 'So help me—I shan't.'"

"I've never been able to understand you."

"I guess you've always understood my feelings toward you."

"You hate me?"

"I'm no exception to the rule."

"But hang you, you're faithful!"

"Oh, I'll pay for it, never fear. You won't hesitate to sacrifice me if it will help you in any way. But let me tell you something. Elias Droom has been smart enough to cover every

one of his tracks, even if he hasn't been able to cover yours. I can't perform miracles. You don't seem as keen to bring about the family explosion as you were, I observe."

"By heavens, I can't bear the thought of that boy—oh, well, close up the office as soon as you like."

After he was safely out of the office Elias Droom gazed into the private office, drew forth his bunch of keys and opened his employer's desk. A big revolver lay in the top drawer. The old clerk quickly removed the five cartridges and as deftly substituted a new set of them in their stead. The



The old clerk quickly removed the five cartridges.

new ones were minus the explosive power. He grinned as he replaced the weapon and closed the desk. Dropping the cartridges into his coat pocket, he returned to his own desk, chuckling as he set to work on his papers.

"I won't betray him to the law, but I've fixed it so that he can't escape it in that way."

Bansemmer's man informed him upon his arrival home that Mr. Graydon would not be in for dinner. He had left word that Mrs. Cable was very much improved and that he and Miss Cable were going out for a long drive in aansom. It was his intention to dine with Mr. and Miss Cable very informally.

Bansemmer sat in surly silence for a long time trying to read. A fierce new jealousy was growing in his heart. It was gradually dawning upon him that the Cables had alienated his son's affections to no small degree. The fear grew upon him that Graydon ultimately would go over to them, forgetting his father in the love for the girl. Resentment, strong and savage, flooded his heart. He could eat no dinner. He was full of curses for the fate which forced him to dine alone while his son was off rejoicing with people whom he was beginning to hate with a fervor that pained him. Jealousy, envy, malice, fired his blood.

He went out at a bought the evening paper. The thought came to him that Graydon had heard the stories and was deliberately staying away from him. Perhaps the Cables had been talking to him.

"By heaven," he was grating as he paused in front of his home, "if she's turned him against me I'll turn this city into anything but a paradise for her. What a fool I've been to wait so long! I've given her the chance to tell her side of the case first. She's made the first impression. What could I have been thinking of? Droom was right. I should have demanded less of her. A man is never too old to be a fool about women. Oh, if she's turned that boy against me I'll!"

He did not finish the threat, but started off swiftly through the night toward the Cable home. He had no especial object in view; it was simply impossible for him to conquer the impulse to be near his son. Like a thief he lurked about the street in the vicinity of Cable's house, standing in the shadows, crossing and recrossing the street many times, always watching the lighted windows with hateful eyes. It was after 8 o'clock, and the night was damp with the first breath of spring. There was a slight chill in the air, but he did not feel it, although he was without an overcoat.

The lights on the second floor, he knew, were in Mrs. Cable's room. In his mind's eye he could see Graydon there with the others listening to the story as it fell from prejudiced, condemning lips—the pathetic, persuasive lips of a sick woman. He knew the effect on the chivalrous nature of his son; he could feel the coldness that took root in his boy's heart.

A light mist began to blow in his face as he paced back and forth along the street block in which the Cables lived. He was working his imagination up to a state bordering on frenzy. In his fancy he could hear Graydon cursing him in the presence of his accusers. At the end of the street he could see the break in the sea wall where Cable and his wife had met, and he could not help wishing that Droom had not pulled her from the water. Then he found himself wondering if they had told Jane the story of her origin. The hope that she was still undeceived flashed through him; it would give him a chance for sweet revenge.

He confessed to himself that he was reckless. The transactions of the past few days had left him at the edge of the abyss. He recognized his peril, but could not see beyond his own impulses.

"I believe I'll do it," he was muttering to himself as he paused across the street from their door. "Graydon ought to hear both sides of the story."

He crossed the street with hesitating steps. His thin coat collar was buttoned close about his neck; his gloveless hands were wet and cold from the mist. As he stopped at the foot of the stone steps a man came hurrying along, glancing at the house numbers as he approached.

"Do you know whether this is David Cable's house?" he asked.

Bansemmer saw that he was a young man and an eager one.

"I think it is."

The other bounded up the steps and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door Bansemmer heard the new arrival ask for Cable, adding that he was from one of the newspapers and that he must see him at once.

Bansemmer stood stark and dumb at the foot of the steps. The whole situation had rushed upon him like an avalanche. Harbert had filed his charges,

LONG CONTINUED POPULARITY

The Best Proof of the

High, Uniform Quality

of



FAMILY FLOUR

All Reliable Grocers Sell It

Milled by

HECKER-JONES-JEWELL MILLING COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

BRIDGEPORT AGENTS

DAVID TRUBEE & CO.

CIGARS That Satisfy in Quality and Price

No matter what you pay for cigars at D. D. Smith's you are certain of getting greater value than elsewhere. Goods are always fresh, as stock is moved quickly. Biggest line in the city and prices the most reasonable. Box trade a specialty.

Fine line of Pipes, Cigar Holders, Tobaccos in Tins and all Smokers' Accessories.

D. D. SMITH Opp. Poli's Theatre, Fairfield Avenue.



THE COAL

That Burns

The ARCHIBALD McNEIL & SONS CO.,

Tel. 501-502. 990 Main St.

Try Sprague's Extra High Grade

ICE,
COAL,
WOOD.

Lehigh Coal

Sprague Ice & Coal Co.

East End East Washington Ave. Bridge
Telephone 710.

COAL and WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Telephone 481-6.
A 9 all*

BERKSHIRE MILLS.

WANT ADVS. ONE CENT A WORD.

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847.

Main Office 262 -COAL- Branch Office 352
Stratford Avenue Main Street.

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER

Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW.

THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY.

Branch Office GEO. B. CLARK & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE,
30 Fairfield Avenue. Telephone 2457 150 Housatonic Avenue



That We Have the BEST

COAL

Mined

And Now Is the Time to Fill Your Bins.

WHEELER & HOWES,

944 MAIN ST. East End Congress Street Bridge.

Fine Job Printing At This Office

(Continued on Page 9.)